

*The Entertainment perform'd at the Theatre-Royal
in Dorset-Garden, at Drawing the LOTTERY
call'd The Wheel of Fortune: Being the
Speeches address'd to the Spectators, as Prologue
and Epilogue.*

*During a Symphony of Musick the Curtain rises very slowly, and dis-
covers Two Wheels upon the Stage: Then Two Figures, represent-
ing Fortuna, and Astraea the Goddess of Justice, descend over
each Wheel, in two rich Chariots gilt with Gold.*

Fortuna (perform'd by Miss Porter) first speaks.

VHere th' equal Castle, and equal Merits, hold
One Common Title to the Ball of Gold,
Shou'd th' interposing Pow'rs of *Destiny*,
To some more Darling Head the Prize decree;
Deciding *Fate* wou'd Arbitrary be.

No; this Decision lies in *FORTUNE'S* Sphere:
From random *Chance* no partial Judgment fear.
Then, *JOVE*, resign: 'Tis I reign Goddess here.
Yes, *JOVE*, stand by; and see my Glory shine:
Look on, and learn to mend Thy Globe by Mine,
Cunning, Cheat, Falshood, every treacherous ill
That thy degenerate World too vilye ill
Are here all banish'd. No designing Sham,
But Innocent Chance plays here her Artless Game,
What Joys wou'd thy Reforming Empire feel,
Mov'd but thy *World* as honest as my *Wheel*?

But

But stay : Let me look round my Sovereign Sphere :
 The Great, the Fair ; those dazzling Charms appear :
 Fortune has found her Eyes to see such Glories here.
 Yes, give me leave, when this fair Train I find,
 To be no more to my own Greatness blind.
 To see the Rich, the Gay, the Young, the Old,
 All spread their Laps to catch my Show'r of Gold.
 Fortune commands all Hearts : I bend each Knee :
 The Court of all Mankind's address to Me.
 Fortune the World's Great All ! The Plume of Quality ;
 The Churchman's Saint, his dear ador'd Plurality.
 The best Court-Friend ; The Misses only Pleasure ;
 The Prodigal's Trifle, but the Miser's Treasure.
 The Wedlock-Cupid's Shaft ; 'Tis Love's Fire-Arms ;
 The Widow's Beauty ; and the Beau's whole Charms.
 The Chymist's Patience, and the Gamester's Quarrel ;
 The Seaman's Pilot, and the Soldier's Laurel :
 All Fortune, all. — The Lawyer at the Bar,
 I am his Morning Study, Evening Pray'r :
 The Statesman's Charles-his wain points to my Northern Star.

All steer to Fortune : Mine's the Golden Coast.
 But of all Brows that Fortune's Chaplet boast,
 The Great Augusta (Industry's Renown
 And Europe's Pride) shall wear my richest Crown.
 All, but the Muses, taste my Generous Hand :
 I'm but their Visionary Fairy-Land.
 So thin I doal my niggard Favours there ;
 Fortune, ev'n th' Hope of Fools, and yet poor Wits despair.

Astraea (perform'd by Miss Cholck) speaks,

WHEN the bad World of Old too sinful grew,
 Frighted to Heav'n the fair Astraea flew :
 Nor wonder, from that Peaceful Orb, what Pow'r
 Has brought me to th' Ungrateful World once more.
 I come t'assist a Sister-Goddess Cause.
 Nay, a yet more attracting Influence draws :

I but

I but descend from my own Starry Sphere,
 To meet a fairer Constellation here.
 You then the Honour'd Guests in these proud Walls,
 I come to tell You, when your Service calls ;
 Here no Deceit the least false Game shall play :
 For Sovereign Justice sits to rule the Day.
 And as in Battle, when the Hero dies,
 Ev'n the lost Dead i' th' Bed of Honour lies.
 Here sure th' Unfortunate can never mourn :
 The trifling Venture's so beneath their Scorn.
 Nay, and to make the Loser yet more easy ;
 We bring down Goddesles from Heav'n to please ye.

Epilogue by Astræa.

W H E N Justice has perform'd her Charge, and stay'd
 To see all fairly won, and justly pay'd,
 She shall scarce make a longer Tour among ye ;
 No, Sublunary Mortals, (not to wrong ye)
 Whilf the World's larger Theatre I see,
 So tir'd with those mad Follies I shall be,
 That this low'r Globe and I can ne're agree.
 First, for the lovely Sex — Their Faults I'll spare :
 Tho'le Spots in Stars, the Follies of the Fair.
 But that strange Sight to see old *Aesop's* Crow
 Once more turn Peacock, that gay Bird, a Beau !
 What should I bring my Scales of Justice thither,
 Where all I have to weigh is Plume and Feather ?
 What lame Account must Truth record in Story,
 Where Foppery, not Sense, bears all the Glory ?
 This Ages Panegyrick to endite,
 Not Pens of Chronicle, but Lampoon, should write.
 And next —
 What Quarels and Dissention rule Mankind ?
 'Tis true, the World a General Peace may find :
 But there's no end of private Fewds and Jars :
 The Parsons and the Poets are at Wars.

Those

Those in their Pious, these, Poetick, Rage,
These lash the Pulpit, and they damn the Stage.
A third damns both: Thus in one pushing Trial,
Wit, Zeal, and Wisdom, fight one Battle-Royal.
These and a hundred Faults too poor to name,
Are the degenerate Ages common Shame.
Thus, blushing at these Faults, shall Justice fly
Back to her Halcyon Regions in the Sky.
Yet in my Room (such gracious Smiles I'll owe ye)
I'll send down Mercy —— Justice would undo ye.

Fortuna speaks,

SHOU'D *Fortune* to all Sides keep open Ears,
T'a thousand Curses and a thousand Prayers;
Tyr'd with that common Din of all Mankind,
Methinks *She* should be rather Deaf than Blind.
Yet why should any Man repine at Chance?
'Tis all but Frenzy, peevish Ignorance!
You shou'd court *Fortune*, as you pay your Duty
To some Court-Star, some celebrated Beauty.
All gaze with Rival-Eyes; each fond Adore,
Presents his offer'd Heart, and kneels before *her*.
All may look up, and every longing Eye
May wish and hope: But all can ne're enjoy.
Wou'd ye all be blest? Fy, Gentlemen, oh fy!
A Woman's but a Woman; her kind Arms,
Her Golden Joys, and all her Melting Charms,
Into so many Show'rs can never fall:
The Devil's in't, if *She* can please ye All.

Expect the same from *Fortune*. My rich Hoard
Of Smiles, is not so infinitely stor'd,
That every One can be the happy Man:
And yet I'll be as kind as e're I can.
My Graces, Smiles, and Favours, I'll bestow
All my whole Stock, as far as e're 'twill go.
And Gentlemen, when, to my utmost Pow'r,
Iv'e given ye all my whole exhausted Store,
You'd be unconscionable to ask me more.

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